

## ANGLO-INDIAN SOCIETY.

British Home Customs Copied Closely in the East-India Pictures True as Well as Dramatic—The Race Prejudice—Shadow of Death Everywhere at the Summer Resorts.

[From the New York Sun.]

"Kipling," said the returned East Indian, "has given true and dramatic pictures of Anglo-Indian society. It is peculiarly tempting to the satirist, for it apes British society at home, and, of course, exaggerates its faults. It is largely a male society, and it lacks the charm and interest of children, for there comes a time when every family must send the children to England to be educated. The color prejudice is brutally strong in India. The phrases, 'A touch of the tar brush,' and so many 'annas in the rupee,' are applied to those of mixed blood, and the suspicion of hybridism debars a man or woman from Anglo-Indian society. Even the 'country born,' as the phrase is for England, natives who have never been to England, are held in low esteem, and hence the necessity of sending children 'home' to be educated. Doubtless the prejudice against the country born has its origin in the fact that children brought up under the care of native servants imbibe degraded superstitions, and possibly bad habits.

Anglo-Indian society is strangely marked by classes that mingle and yet are in a measure separate. The viceroys maintain a mini court at Calcutta in winter and Simla in summer. Here the etiquette of the real court of St. James' is imitated, though social lines are not drawn so tightly. You see at the Viceroy's drawing rooms the Indian civil servants of the higher places, the army and navy, the Indian marine officers, and the wholesale merchants, who, of course, the native princes occasionally and any native enjoying a high place under government. There are state dinners at the viceroy's palace, and his little court is in all respects a mimicry of the real thing at home. The viceroy is of course a man of rank and wealth.

"You have at Bombay and Madras the courts of the lieutenant governors, with the local civil servants, army officers, bankers and merchants. The lieutenant governor leads society, and the higher civil servants, his immediate subordinates, are persons of importance, though the army has a way of looking down upon the civil service. Then in the interior, where there are military stations, you have a military society, with the aid of the local collector and his staff. Social life in India is gay and showy. There is much display, and dinners and dances and times all conducted in accordance with strict English etiquette, and there is no end of lawn tennis.

"The thing that sickens one is the shadow of death. Wherever there is an English colony there is an English cemetery, with many tombstones indicating that those beneath were between twenty and twenty-three years of age. Every man is shocked by the number of sudden deaths in his own circle, and whenever one drives in the suburbs of the cities one sees the native funerals, the corpse borne on high beneath a covering of flowers, but clearly outlined and moving slowly with the movements of the bier. There comes from time to time upon the funeral pyres, and knows that the body of a native is ascending in the smoke. Still more shocking are the Parsee towns of silence, standing and beautifully laid out gardens. The dead are laid on a pall about three feet below the top of the open towers. The funeral ceremonies are scarcely over when the vultures come to tear the flesh from the limbs of the corpse.

"Kipling has familiarized American readers with life at Simla, the summer residence of the viceroy. The Anglo-Indians of Madras have the Cherai Hills as a summer resort, or the Nilgheries; those of Bombay Mahabeshwar, Poonah, and Maternan. The lieutenant governor of Bombay goes to Poonah, and sets up his little court for July, August, and September. Western lies on the last spur of the Ghats, about thirty miles from Bombay. No one, not even the natives of the hill country can live there during the season of the monsoons, because the region is wrapped in clouds, but with the coming of July the women and the few children journey up for the summer. You telegraph to a railroad station, twenty miles out from Bombay, asking for 'tats' as the small horses of the region are called, and mounting at the station you begin the journey. About six miles from the station the ascent begins to be steep, and thence you zigzag up, sometimes on the edge of deep precipices, until you are 8,000 feet above the sea level. You have come in a few hours from an intense tropical heat to the climate of an English spring, the beautiful bougainvillea blooming everywhere, while here, in the shrubbery is set a picturesque bungalow. From the plateau on the mountain top one sees the whole plain and Bombay, 8,000 feet below and thirty miles away, lies a dim mist in sweltering heat. English flowers bloom, English strawberries ripen, and English vegetables grow.

"The severity of Anglo-Indian etiquette is relaxed at Maternan, and one may dine without putting on evening dress. The society is like that of an American watering place, mostly feminine. The padre, as the clergyman is called, walks about like a tame cat, the only male at many social gatherings. The men come up from Bombay on Friday or Saturday to stay over Sunday, and there are all sorts of little entertainments to make them forget the miseries of the coast. The women fretful and ill from the heat of Bombay, recuperate, regain their elasticity, and once more take on the freshness of English women.

"Anglo-Indians used to have the reputation of being hard drinkers, and 'twelve o' clock' was the typical drink, but whiskey has been largely substituted and is off and gone so quick that a snake can't hit him. No man now stays twenty years in India as Englishmen used to do. It is a quick and comparatively inexpensive trip to the British Isles now, and a well-to-do Anglo-Indian makes it frequently. This mitigates the error of life in the tropics. It is no longer a matter of course that the Anglo-Indian returns home with a fortune, because the native has learned all the tricks of trade, and justice is so administered that the Anglo-Indian has no advantage over the native in business transactions.

"I ought to have said that the European usually bears a Portuguese name, a relic of the nearly vanished Portuguese dominion, and so strong is the prejudice against mixed blood that a Portuguese name is an object of suspicion. I know one such who came out to India and found the utmost difficulty in making his way socially until Anglo-Indian society learned, not only that he was not of mixed blood, but that his name had a special chapter in Burke's Peerage, where his family is described as one of the oldest in Europe. That new attitude all gossip, and Anglo-Indian society opened its arms to the newcomer."

## FUNERAL OF REV. DR. GORDON.

A Boston dispatch yesterday says: Clarendon street Baptist church was terribly crowded at the funeral of its late pastor, Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, yesterday afternoon, and many were unable to gain admittance. There were four hymns sung, all chosen by Dr. Gordon before he died. The remains will rest temporarily at Forest Hill and later will be taken to New Hampshire.

## A RATTLE'S PARADISE.

Arizona a Natural Breeding Ground of the Rattlesnakes.

There is no locality in the Union, so Professor Palmer of the Smithsonian Institution says, that it is so natural a breeding ground for the rattlesnake—the *Crotalus horridus*—as southern Arizona, writes a Benson, Arizona, correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Similar authority is quoted to the effect that there is scarcely a more venomous reptile in the country than the bloated rattler of this region. The rocks of the mountains and foothills are a heavy yellow and gray color, and the soil is so nearly the hues of a rattler that a snake can move slowly along and be hardly perceived by a person fifty feet away. The hot, dry air, and the warm, sandy earth, through at least ten months in the year, and the immense quantity of small birds and ground squirrels in the mountain canyons and brush, all combine to make life for rattlesnakes in this region one of rare ease and comfort for many a long year.

There are literally tens of thousands of rattlers in the sage brush and chaparral along the edge of the southern Arizona wastes. They grow to enormous size, and it is common to read in the local newspapers of this part of the territory items of news of the capture of rattlers, and of six feet long, with fourteen and sixteen rattles. Localities and objects of nature all over the territory have been named after the serpents. There are rattlesnake canyons, rattlesnake arroyos, rattlesnake creeks, rattlesnake mountains and rattlesnake gulches. Over at Maricopa an old fellow has named his dispensary of medicinal herbs after the most venomous American snake—the "rattlesnake root," painted in clumsy letters, stands in bold relief over the door.

The best-informed man in regard to rattlers in this part of the territory is acknowledged to be Jim Davis. He is about sixty-five years old, and has lived on the borders of civilization for fifty years. One of the large army of men who were formerly demoralized by the gold booms in California, he was and became relegated to a devil-may-care, independent and happy-go-lucky way of getting his living by using his gun and by traveling across the mountains and over the valleys with a blanket and a skiller across his back. Every one says that for unadulterated snake information there's no one like Rattler Jim.

"Do I know much about rattlesnakes?" said the old man as he sat tipped back in a chair, sucking a vile corn-cob pipe, in a saloon in this place the other day. "You bet yer eye I know a thing or two about 'em. I've killed thousands of 'em. I've been here in this snake country just close on twenty-four years, and never have been out of it. I could sit all night and keep telling you something new every minute about rattlesnakes. Gosh! how I hate the varmints. I never miss trying to kill 'em off, but it's about useless tryin' to clear out this here country of rattlers. They breed so darned easy. Every female rattler is good for thirty or forty rattlesnakes a year, so you see, more at given up tryin' to do anything more at snake killing."

"This is the drierest year we've had in a long time in this end of the territory, and it's an awful season for snakes. It is so dry and we have had terrible hot weather since May. These here locust huns are all over the country, and they buzz just like the rattlers. Whenever I'm out hunting and klick a bush, a whole swarm of locusts, buzzin' for all they're worth, come flyin' out. Their singin' puts me off my guard, because I can't hear the rattlesnakes a rattlin'. I'm most afraid to hunt at all now, for you know I'm about certain sure to get an old rattlesnake venom in my body at the end of a long summer. I'd rather be shot plum through the chest any day than to take chances on pullin' through a pizenin' by a desert rattler, when he is puffed up plum full of pizen as they are now. At some seasons of the year there ain't anywhere near as much danger from rattlesnakes."

"But Arizona rattlesnakes ain't near so dangerous in some ways as them used to be back in the mountains of Pennsylvania and Ohio. The desert rattlers are fat and lazy. They ain't got no fight in 'em. They ain't got no real meanness in 'em. As a general thing the Arizona crawler will set up a rattle and slide off in the rocks or brush. Horses, cattle and sheep know that rattle as well as a man. Some times they get bit, but that is only when they trend on a snake. It ain't likely to kill a sheep if he is struck in the wool. A wild deer will kill a snake every time he sees him. He jumps with all four feet together on to a snake and is off and gone so quick that a snake can't hit him."

"A hog will kill 'em, too, and a snake's poison don't hurt a fat hog. I have seen many a dog that would kill any rattlesnake he'd come across. He gets bit, of course, sometimes, but whenever he's bit you may notice that he'll go off away from the house and stay two or three days. He's doctorin' himself then. He lays in the mud and water, and when an injin is bit he does pretty much the same. He will put mud on the bite or he goes and lay in the fresh mud until the swelling goes down. The pizen of a rattlesnake is white. He has two sharp teeth, like a cat's

claw, in his upper jaw, that lay flat, hidden under little sacks when he ain't mad, so he can yank in a frog or a bird with his other teeth without using his fangs at all. If he couldn't, of course, he'd never get anything to eat but what's pizen, and that would kill him as quick as it would anything else. When he gets mad the first thing he does is to coil himself up, and then he can strike two-thirds of his length. He will hit as high as he can reach, and his jaws wide open, like a strike, a thing with the palm of your hand. His fangs are as sharp as a needle, but they won't go through thick leather, and if they go through clothes, particularly wool, the chances is the pizen will be sucked up by the wool. Right along the under side is a groove, and when the fangs go in it presses down on a poison bag at its roots, and that squirts the juice right around the fang. It will throw the pizen as far as three feet.

"Can they bite when not coiled?" "Bite any time; but they can't suck their teeth in so deep. No, they ain't as many people bit around here as a man would think, but one in a while somebody gets bit. I was bit once. I was hauling freight with a bull team from Maricopa to Tombstone, and among my stuff I had five barrels of whiskey for the Arcade saloon at Tucson. Comin' along down toward Arroyo Seco I camped one evening early where there was plenty of wood and grass, and I see a little spring branch tricklin' by the spot, and I knowed I ever see, layin' there all coiled up, a snake, built a fire and went to the spring to get a drink of water. I see the spring there in among the lavy rocks, and I kneeled down on all fours to drink.

"I am the biggest liar on earth, partner, if I didn't put my right hand down within six inches of the biggest rattler I ever see, layin' there all coiled up, just ready to strike, with his tail straight up in the air just a whizkin', he was that mad. He was thinkin', I guess, that I was goin' to catch him. I was that paralyzed that I didn't sense enough to jerk my hand up, and he bit me a fair klick right on the wrist. When I grabbed a rock and I pounded that snake into a thousand pieces. Then I began thinkin' what was best to do with myself. I put a chew of terbacker on the wound. I had learned that suckin' the wound was good, if you had sound teeth, but I knowed that would never do for me, as my teeth was about half of 'em good. Mighty few teeth I have here good teeth. I am here to tell you—poor cooking and plug terbacker. Well, I thought of the whiskey.

"I had one barrel of good stuff for Billy Flynn, that bossed the big ditch in them days when the mines was flush, and I had a hole already bored in the top of the barrel and had been hittin' her a klick along the road when the speck you knowed I broke off a few dry grass straws that grew up by the spring, and I laid it that bungle and sucked whiskey till I thought I would bust. My mammy never whipped me for for holdin' my breath. Then I drew some in a tin cup and mixed it with sugar and mint—mint grew wild there. I didn't want to drink too much, and I wanted to drink a plenty, much, and I felt like I could eat a box of rattlesnakes, rattles and all. Then I kneeled under, laid down under my wagon and went to sleep. I woke up next morning fresh as a daisy and went on about my business. The pizen never took effect on me at all.

"Then there was Tom Shuck. He was camped up on Blue Creek holdin' a bunch of horses there to get them used to the range. He was about seventy-five miles from Benson. One night he was out gatherin' some sage brush to throw on the fire, and he felt something prick him on the hand, and thought he had grabbed a hold of a briar, and paid no more attention to it. It hurt awful that night. He had to get up, and he knewed a rattler must have bit him. He took some paper from his pocket and tried to write his will. Tom had coin—yes, he was just a rattlin' with coin. He couldn't write. He managed to get the best horse in his band saddled and bridled, and he rid him through to Benson by noon. The doctor cured him, but it was a mighty close call.

"Old man Johnson (Tin Cup Johnson they used to call him) and his boy, Feather Leg Willie, went out one day after a log of juniper, and they see the dog tree a rabbit in a cleft of rocks. The old man wanted to get the rabbit, so he reed his hand in the hole after him, and his hand was too big. He felt something scratch him in the hand, so he tells Joe to reach in. Joe he reach in for Mr. Rabbit, and a rattlesnake nipped him quick. The old man sucked his hand where the snake jes' creased him and went on after his load of wood. But Feather Legs come back home and lay at the pint of death. They saved him on whiskey, and now he breaks out in blue blotches every time dog days come around.

"Indians used to put the pizen on a dead man. Johnson (Tin Cup Johnson they used to call him) and his boy, Feather Leg Willie, went out one day after a log of juniper, and they see the dog tree a rabbit in a cleft of rocks. The old man wanted to get the rabbit, so he reed his hand in the hole after him, and his hand was too big. He felt something scratch him in the hand, so he tells Joe to reach in. Joe he reach in for Mr. Rabbit, and a rattlesnake nipped him quick. The old man sucked his hand where the snake jes' creased him and went on after his load of wood. But Feather Legs come back home and lay at the pint of death. They saved him on whiskey, and now he breaks out in blue blotches every time dog days come around.

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## LOCAL SECRET SOCIETIES.

Information as to Time and Place of Meetings.

Following is a directory of information concerning lodge and society meetings:

MASONIC.

Connecticut Rock, Masonic hall, Church street, second and fourth Monday, at 7:30 p. m. W. M., Henry Fresenius; secretary, C. J. Wanner.

Franklin chapter, Masonic hall, first and third Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. M. E. H. P., Charles B. Hall; secretary, Albert L. Barnes.

Harmony council, Masonic hall, Church street, third Mondays at 7:30 p. m. T. I. M., David R. Alling.

New Haven commandery, Masonic hall, Church street, third Fridays at 7:30 p. m. E. C., Francis G. Anthony.

Pulaski chapter, No. 26, Royal Arch Masons, Masonic hall, Fair Haven, second and fourth Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. M. E. H. P., Thomas Smith; secretary, Albert H. Cargill.

Crawford council, No. 19, R. and S. M., Masonic hall, Fair Haven, first Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. T. I. M., Isaac F. Mallory; recorder, Albert H. Cargill.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Meetings held in I. O. O. F. hall, Crown street.

Quinnipiac, No. 1, Mondays at 8 p. m. Recording secretary, R. H. Johnson.

Harmony, No. 5, Tuesdays at 8 p. m. Recording secretary, George N. Moses.

Montrose, No. 15, Masonic Temple, Mondays at 8 p. m. Secretary, R. A. Laidlaw.

City, No. 26, Wednesdays at 8 p. m. Secretary, J. W. Hammond.

Crowell, No. 39, Mondays at 8 p. m. Secretary, A. H. Down.

Germania, No. 78 (German), Thursdays at 8 p. m. Recording secretary, O. A. Baehr.

Relief, No. 36, Mondays at 8 p. m. Secretary, Rollin J. Bunch.

Humboldt, No. 97 (German), Turn hall, Tuesdays at 8 p. m. Secretary, Adolph Gosh.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Rathbone, No. 1, Hydrant hall, Courler building, Wednesdays, K. of R. and S., Ervin Barnes.

Sheffield, No. 2, blue room, Masonic Temple, Tuesdays, K. of R. and S., Louis E. Jacobs.

Exel, No. 3, I. O. O. F. building, Tuesdays at 8 p. m. K. of R. and S., Fred W. Dawless.

America, No. 52, blue room, Masonic Temple, Fridays at 8 p. m. K. of R. and S., W. H. Larkins.

Union, No. 53, Union Bank, Aurora hall, second Wednesday at 8 p. m. K. of R. and S., Gustave Reinwald.

O. V. A. M.

Pioneer, No. 1, 793 Chapel street, Thursdays at 8 p. m. Recording secretary, H. S. Crittenden.

Washington, No. 7, 793 Chapel street, Mondays at 8 p. m. Recording secretary, Thomas C. Hastings.

Garfield, No. 14, 793 Chapel street, Wednesdays at 8 p. m. Recording secretary, A. F. Zoller.

Unity commandery, No. 8, 793 Chapel street, Tuesdays at 8 p. m. Clerk, E. P. Griswold.

A. O. U. W.

Momaugun, No. 1, "Courier" building, second and fourth Wednesdays at 8 p. m. Recorder, Charles F. Curtis.

Israel Futner, No. 3, Golden Rule hall, second and fourth Fridays at 8 p. m. Recorder, Edward E. Mix.

Phoenix, No. 45, room 13, Insurance building, first and third Mondays at 8 p. m. Recorder, Henry E. Marsh.

Pyramid, No. 46, Pyramid hall, Mondays at 8 p. m. Recorder, George A. Sanford.

Sterling, No. 46, Blue room, Masonic Temple, second and fourth Wednesday at 8 p. m. Recorder, Robert Shearer.

NEW ENGLAND ORDER OF PROTECTION.

Beacon, No. 69, "Courier" building, second and fourth Mondays at 8 p. m. Secretary, George Wallace.

Centennial, No. 62, "Courier" building, second and fourth Fridays at 8 p. m. Secretary, Alma Pagels.

Charter Oak, No. 188, "Courier" building, first and third Wednesdays at 8 p. m. Secretary, William L. Moore.

Winchester, No. 208, I. O. O. F. hall, first and third Mondays at 8 p. m. Secretary, Herbert F. Beebe.

Mozart lodge, No. 193, N. E. O. F., meets on the first and third Fridays of each month in Turn hall. Herman G. Neese, secretary.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Roger Sherman, No. 333, I. O. O. F. hall, first and third Thursdays at 8 p. m. Reporter, W. S. Ball.

Mercantile, No. 152, I. O. O. F. hall, first and third Tuesday at 8 p. m. Reporter, Nathan H. Tuttle.

Steuben, No. 203, Turn hall, second and fourth Thursdays at 8 p. m. Reporter, William F. Sternberg.

IMPROVED ORDER REPTILESOPHS.

Yale convolve, No. 244, Odd Fellows' building, Crown street, second and fourth Fridays at 8 p. m. Secretary, James R. Bolton.

TEMPLE OF HONOR.

Safety, No. 2, T. of H. and T., Temple of Honor hall, 27 Insurance building, every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Unity Social, T. of H. and T., Temple of Honor hall, 27 Insurance building, every first, third and fifth Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

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Unity Social, T. of H. and T., Temple of Honor hall, 27 Insurance building, every first, third and fifth Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

IMPROVED ORDER REPTILESOPHS.

Yale convolve, No. 244, Odd Fellows' building, Crown street, second and fourth Fridays at 8 p. m. Secretary, James R. Bolton.

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